

A SECOND
SCOURGE
FOR
George Whitehead,
An APOSTATE
QUAKER,
IN
A POEM.

Wherein Truth is Vindicated, and the Memory of JOHN STORY, once more Revived, as a proper Testimony, against that Impious Book, falsely Intituled The Line of Truth, written in Defamation of his Memory, and in Favour of that False Church, whereof George For is reputed Head.

By W. Rogers.

No Parasites are Friends to Story's Fame,
No Pensioners add Credit to his Name:
With such like For and Whitehead gained Place;
Who sound their Praise, whilst Story they Disgrace.

Jerem. 32. 19. Thine Eyes are open upon all the ways of the Sons of Men, to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings.

Printed in the Year, 1687.

SION COLLEGE
LIBRARY.

Ch
No
Wh
Ith
Bot
Ala
Wh
Fro
Wh
The
Chr
Tha
Tha
The
L
Tha
Fro
Tha
But
On
Whe
Wha
Rece
With

SCOURGE

FOR

George Whitehead,

A N

APOSTATE QUAKER, &c.

QUAKERS, (so call'd) in Christ's Name thus did Preach,
 Christ's Light's our Guide, it fallen Man doth reach :
 Not thereby slighting what from others came,
 Whil'st Preaching Christ, tho' by another Name.

Christ's Teachings by His Spirit few deny'd,
 Nought else was meant, when Light was call'd the Guide.
 What Scripture doth oppose, Light can't Defend :
 I'th' Light 'twas Wrote, none can those Dictates mend,
 Both Light and Spirit, and the Scriptures found,
 Alarms to convert whom Sin doth Wound.
 What means Conversion ? 'tis that Sinners might,
 From Sin depart, and Joine to Christ i'th' Light :
 Whose Blood was Shed on th' Cross : Faith in't hath heal'd :
 The Saints thereby have their Redemption Seal'd,
 Christ's Light doth also shew, that Sins Death bring :
 That where *Sin's* Dead, there *Saints* for Joy do Sing.
 That GOD chof'd mean despis'd things to found,
 The Gospel Light, the Mighty to Confound.

Look not said they to Us, 'tis our concern,
 That you from th' Light within your duty Learn.
 From th' Scriptures they Light, such a Teacher prov'd,
 That into Corners could not be remov'd :
 But did not Preach it up a slight to bring,
 On Holy Scriptures penn'd for our Learning.
 When carnal Eyes from Scriptures don't behold,
 What's Good or Ill, the Light will that unfold.
 Receive us not said They, further then Light,
 Within your selves, convince We teach aright :

And live the life according to our Measures,
Whereof We speak, treating of Heav'nly Treasures.

One saith, *lo here*, another saith *lo there*,

* Meaning the
grace of God
which is given
by him to e-
very one to
profit with.

Keep to your * Own, safety is not elſewhere.

The Faith and Forms, that Men have made to Bind,

Where Faith is wanting, tends, to make Men Blind.

I'th Law the Blind paſt not for Sacrifice,

Gospel excels, it loves not Blinded Eyes.

Let Scripture ſpeak, Let Spirit be thy Guide,

They don't admit, what they do Teach to Hide.

For ſelfiſh ends ſome Doctors thus did tell,

You ſee not right, your Light directs not well.

We know exactly Heavens Path, why then,

Do you deſpiſe Us thus? pray turn agen,

And ſit in Our Church-Lap, for She's Chriſt's Bride:

But they cry'd thus, *Deceit th'art cloth'd with Pride.*

Then Excommunications i'th Church Name,

The Saints of GOD as Rebels did Deſame.

Their Sin, ſaith Church was this, our Doctors Teach;

Yet thus they Plead, our Conſcience they don't Reach.

And therefore We Reproach, will rather chooſe,

Than ſlight GOD's Grace, which He ſo oft renews

By help of Spirit, Light, and Scriptures too,

Chriſt's Preachers Teach, We muſt be Born anew,

Before we can in Chriſt an Intereſt

Claim for our Souls, wherein's Eternal Reſt.

The Spirit Witneſs in our Selves muſt be,

That We are Chriſt's that Chriſt, hath made Us free,

Ere that Our Souls Partake of that true Peace,

Which Threats of Men can never make to ceaſe.

Theſe Truths, the Scriptures, Light, and Spirit Sound,

To Pride no Balm, to Lordſhip, 'tis a Wound.

What Hypocrits, are all ſuch Quakers then,

Aſtouching Souls concerns, have ſaid Amen,

On the meer Credit of anothers Lines,

That ſeeking Self, from Scripture Truths declines.

Chriſt's Miniſters for Gain of Souls do Labour,

Without reſpect to Worldly Gain or Favour,

He call'd Us not, to ſeek what's Yours but You,

And therefore We Claim not Yours as Our Due.

On ſuch like Theams as theſe, they did Dilate,

Which had no tendency to make them Great.

Chriſt

Christ thought it meet, the *Mean* and *Vile* to Choose,
 That great Ones might no longer Truths abuse;
 'Twas not to make His *Chosen* end i'th' fame,
 As they by th' Spirit were to bring to Shame:
 But so the *Tempter* did in time prevail,
 O're some such *Preachers*, e'ne from Head to Tail,
 As that at length, like others some did Change,
 Whose actions then, did shew such Doctrines strange,
 For chiefest seem'd, that Erred from *Christ's Path*,
 His *Pride* made way, for discontent and Wrath.
 First discontent in some Prophetick Men,
 To see 'midst friends, *Babel* Building agen.
 Next for his *Preachers* did abound in Wrath,
 'Gainst them, whilst standing for the Ancient Path.
 Until at length, For and his *Preaching Tribe*,
 Were Scorned like Hirelings, that liv'd in Pride.

Why so?

When *He* had fram'd i'th' Church a Government
 Preachers, approved by Man, beyond Seas went,
 Who when they wanted Moneys to proceed,
 The Church her Cash then did supply their Need,
 If they their Motion freely did Submit,
 To th' *London Church*, and do as She thought fit.
 The Spirits Motion in a home-bread Swain,
 Without a City Stamp, seem'd but in Vain:
 And yet sometimes, 'gainst such as For had sent;
 The Church Dar'd not to shew Her discontent.
 Tho' She hath cry'd aloud, once and agen,
 'Gainst Black-coats, for their being sent of Men.
 What, can *Deceit* within a Coat that's Gray,
 Being once a Sin, become no Sin to Day.

Oh nay: No doubt but *GOD* in time will shew,
 His Wrath for this, and give a Signal Blow:
 For that their Sin seems of the deepest Dye,
 Who tell *GOD* Moves, and yet then tell a Lye.
 Such Church-men unto *Christ's Church* Strangers are,
 And most rely upon their Churches Ear:
 Unlike those, whom Christ Sent i'th' Ministry,
 Without a Scrip, to found the Gospel free:
 And therefore when Her Cash was empty'd She,
 Crav'd *Money* for to serve the Ministry.

Hence Prating Preachers turn'd the Silver Bait,
 Brought not a few oth' Churh with Zeal to wait.

As

As Favour was obtain'd by Parasites,
 They labour'd hard to gain more Proselytes;
 At length Her Papers, like to Briefs did cry,
 For Money, Money for the Ministry;
 And when that Practice was dislike'd by some,
 She frown'd like one whose downfall's near to come.
 But yet some Friends not fond of new Church Laws,
 Sent no supplies, not meerly than because,
 The Treasurers, whom Preachers might Perplex,
 Were o're each other but mistrustful Checks.
 (Else why must each One with his Key appear,
 Where Cash is kept, to shew what Moneys there)
 But rather to prevent the growth of Pride,
 And Poor Mens running with the turning Tide,
 Who of the tempting Bait before them spread,
 Sometimes partook, as if they needed Bread.
 Not thinking what a Bait, for them was lay'd,
 To make some Great, whilst they were but betray'd;
 Especially, when nothing less than Spirit,
 Pretended was, to Fame their Worth, and Credit.
 This is not all the cause, why some forbore,
 To send Supplies with Gold Her Chest to Store.
 For thence some fear'd it might be charg'd as Sin,
 Since it Fed such, as Wounded Brethren.
 And ponder'd thus, when th' Church no Gold Possess't,
 To th' Preachers use, then filled was Her Breast,
 With Peace, and Love, which did Her Beauty shew,
 But Since Deform'd, She Wounds Saints here Below:
 And thinks She's Rich, tho' Poverty attends,
 And so 'twill be, whilst Errour She defends.
 Imposers are Apostates, so said She,
 Yet since strove hard to impose Her own DECREE
 She counts it wrong, to quote Church Cannon (Laws)
 A Rule for Her, whilst Hers do others Awe.
 Churches by Law upheld she doth despise,
 Whilst Her own Laws are to Her Members Eyes:
 Tho' to defend them, She cannot abide,
 A Scripture Test, She fails when that's apply'd:
 Unless that Zeal for GOD, *made with Mans Hand,
 Prov'd Zeal for GOD, against GODS own Command.
 Her Zealous Members are much puff'd with Pride,
 The strength of Argument upon Her Side,

* See in G. F's
 book of Wo-
 mens meeti-
 g the charac-
 ters
 given of Mi-
 cahs Mother
 (Judges 17.)
 an Idolatrous
 Woman.

'Gainst *Christian Quakers* is, when thus saith She,
We are the Church, and by the Spirit We,
Give Righteous Judgment, hence it is She cries,
Dark Spirits, He that sees not with our Eyes,

If any ask what City sits as Queen,
Within Her Circuit since 'tis plainly seen,
She's High and Proud, * Proud *London* is the Place,
That sits as Queen, where Pride seems no Disgrace:
And yet when She *Romes Sister* is but call'd,
She winches like toucht Horses that are gall'd.
Confusion Her attends, next follows *Woe*,
For thus She Whirls, but *GOD* knows where She'll go.

By thee and thou She's like the Christian Race,
Where Canting Language never had a Place:
But since that *Londons* Yearly meeting Lines,
Describ'd this Church as if Her Beauty Shines,
She Wounds *Truths Friends*, under this term that Spirit
A senseless Canting Name that Scorn doth Merit.

Some may object, why must the Church have blame,
Since 'twas an hired Clerk put to his Name,
Unto that Printed Language, I grant so,
Twas *Richardson* in Her Name let it go.
He was their hired Clerk, he bears their Blames,
And 'tis not like that e're they'll shew their Names.
If Shame Checkt not for some Clandestine Ends,
When by such *Dark Terms* they have Wounded Friends,
Why did they not subscribe their Names thereto,
Their fallen Credit with *Flock* to renew?
Since true it is, what some do frequent say,
Both Clerks and Priests, from th' Flock obtain their Pay.
Hence I observe.

This Church will Fall, Her Load will be Her Guile,
If you, O *Flock*, keep Purse strings fast a while.
When that Spring fails, by Her you'll not be Priz'd,
Usurpers then o're you, you'll see Despis'd.
And Woes may long attend such *Prating Preachers*,
As for Preferment turn'd *Deceitful Teachers*.
Who tho' betray'd by Chief Ones for by Ends,
Yet that Plea salves no Wounding of their Friends.
Nor yet abates their Sin; Repentance may,
Oh that the *Guilty* Seek it in their Day,

* Meaning the
yearly and se-
cond days
meeting there
held and tak-
ing themselves
to be Christs
Church.

Till

Till it be found; then they will quickly see,
Their soft'ned Hands e'ne fit for Misery.

For, who again with Pleasure turns to Labour,
That had so easie Trades through ~~For~~ his Favour,
As Preaching but a few Hours in a Week,
To Wound the *Just*, and Self thereby to seek.
Paul Labour'd that the Gospel that He Preach't,
Might not o're charge the Church, by that he reach't,
The Consciences of Mankind in his Day :

A Text not fit for Preachers seeking *Prep*.
At first with Thundring Tongues some us'd to charge,
Professors, for Proof quoting *Paul* at large,
That leaving Trades was most unfit for Men,
When they of Preaching made a Trade agen :
Meaning thereby, dependency thereon,
When through their Sloth, their Trades were Lost and Gon-

Some *Parasites* affirm for Truth their Notion,
That ~~For~~ his *Precepts* came from the Spirits Motion.
Thence Pride encreas'd, Faith seem'd to be with some,
That ~~He~~ had Keyes to th' Door of *GODS* Kingdom,
The Door thus Open'd to Exalt *His* Name,
Some could not Bow, then others did Defame.
The Spirit in the Church some Guide declar'd,
'Twas not term'd *Catholick* as e're I heard,
That Language might have seem'd to shew them Friends,
To *Rome's* Church *Catholick*; but so their Ends,
Could not be answered, they at Power aim'd
And since some Sheep have yielded what they Claim'd,
Yet I think not, that They of *Rome's* Church be,
Because They have Despis'd the *Romish* Sec.
But yet they, these Words UNIVERSAL SPIRIT,
Have introduc'd as Words of better Merit,
With such as They for Yokes might gentle Find,
When that the Church in that Name should them Bind.
When *Christs* Professors aim at outward Power,
An outward Pale's prepar'd i'th' self same Hour.

What's then the Issue, he that can't Conform,
With ~~Wolves~~ cloth'd like to *Sheep*, may soon be Torn.
But all True Christians all such Pales Despise,
When us'd to Bar the Sight of their own Eyes;
And on their Master *CHRIST* put then their Trust,
Not fearing such as for Dominion Lust.
External Governments may Change their Laws,
Men can't Change *Christs*, and for it shew *Christs* Cause.

None can His Government External Call,
 And Scriptures quote to Prove the Truth Withal;
 That Teacheth Light is Law, that Laws Within,
 That i Mens Hearts 'tis Writ, Condemning Sin:
 And Blest be GOD, that *Index* yet Remains,
 Condemning Lordship through Usurping Straines,
 And shews what's Right, what's Wrong, how Crafty Men,
 May Turn and Twist, and then Untwist agen.

For to be plain, what less than *Cheaters* *He*,
 Who Preacheth Light within a Law to Thee:
 Whilst **Humane Laws* i'th' Place *He* doth Exalt,
 As Judge o're Thee in what *He* Terms thy Fault.
 This no Consistency with Scriptures Hath,
 The Practice Merits, GOD's Eternal Wrath:
 Yet That hath oft been done, the more's the Shame,
 For so Religion often Comes to Blame.

But *Christ* i'th' Members when Despis'd by Men,
 Hath oft made Use of a Defending Pen.
 So now *He* doth, This POEM gives Anew,
 To STORY, FOX, and *Whitehead* what's Their Due.

Tho' STORY's Dead, yet His Name doth Survive,
 Tho' FOX doth Live, yet *His* Name's scarce Alive,
 E'ne so Lives *Whitehead*, with a Dying Name,
 Since *He* a Drudge to FOX's Cause became.
Whitehead a while seem'd much on STORY's Side,
 When **Swartmore* Scourg'd, *He* soon Ran with that Tide,
 But Running not so Swift that *Northern* Pace,
 As some then *Parasites*, from both Disgrace,
 Became his Portion for a while, else why
 To FOX, and Me alone, did *He* thus Cry.

I am like One, between Two Mill-stones Ground,
 Meaning 'twixt both Sides, 'twas a Mournful Sound.
 His Conscience then seem'd Scourg'd his Deceit,
 But since seem'd Sear'd, as if *Pride* laid the Bait,
 Conscience to Sear, on FOX for Self to Wait.
 No doubt *He* was Perplexed fore, when *He*,
 Was slighted for *His* Deep Hippocrisie.

He was not throughly Pac'd, thence Doubts might 'rise
 That *He* in time might Turn, and FOX Despile.
 But yet at length *He* thorough Pac'd became,
 To stand by FOX, and STORY's Friends Defame.
 Some Wonder how *He* keeps so long in Favour,
 Since FOX is more Despis'd through *Whitehead's* Labor

* See *De Christiane Libertate*
 pag. 60. 61.

* The Place in
 the North
 where *G. Fox*
 lived since *He*
 Married the
 Widow *Fell*.

3

† See 7th part
Christian
Quaker &c.
p. 1.

* See W. Ps.
Winding-
sheet for con-
troverſie end-
ed.

FOX is Term'd Head, yet *Whitehead* ſtear'd the Courſe,
Till Both were Scorn'd, and they grew *Worſe* and *Worſe*.
Then Preachers Weekly met in *London CITY*,
On Scorn'd *Whitehead* ſeem'd to take ſome Pity.
His Works they Own'd, and Printed with no Name,
For which an *Hugh and Cry* Proclaimed Shame:
But Prevail'd not with Meeters to Reveal,
The *Penman's Paine*, thus They Deceit did Heal.
As They did *His*, ſo *He* did Hide their Names,
Yet once They Judg'd * a *Right-bird* ſo Defames.
Thus They own'd *Deeds*, that in the *Dark* were Wrought,
Standing by what Defaming Pens had Taught:
No wonder, why, their *Church* ſtood much in need
Of *Hypocrites*, then *Chaffe* did paſs for *Seed*.
Amidſt which Number *Whitehead* did Preſide,
Which can be prov'd, if Truth's proof *He* le abide.

To Preach and Print againſt Deceit and Guile,
Quoting *CHRIST'S* Light, doth ſhew a *Chriſtian* Stile,
Thus Crafty *Whitehead* did, e'ne whiſt that *He*,
Did Joyn with *Church* to *Wound* tho' few could ſee,
Who Bent the Bow, from which the Arrows came
So *Inquiſitions* Wound whom Envy blame
This ſtill doth ſhew, their *Church* doth Merit Shame
CHRIST'S Church Wounds none, 'gainſt Sin the *Church* doth
Sin leaves ſuch Wounded, as the *Church* can't reach. (Teach.
Within *CHRIST'S Church* Words without Deeds don't Shew
In whom *CHRIST'S Nature* for *CHRIST'S Sake* doth Flow.

Some *Formaliſts* i'th' *Outward Court* thus tell,
No *Formes* are *CHRIST'S* but *Duts*, which All Excel.
Twas Broach't that Men to Man might Bow and Bend.
True Saints *CHRIST'S Nature*, more than *Formes* Commend;
In whom It Reigns, their Form can't be amiſs,
But where It don't, no *Formes* the Path to Blis.
Yet Touching *Formes* of *Outward Government*,
This *Church* her Pale, not from *CHRIST'S Spirit* Sent,
Diſſention did Ariſe in *STORY's* Time,
Submission, when refus'd, became a Crime.
He ſaw the Evils, that its growth Attends,
As 'twas Erecting, 'mongſt profeſſed Friends.
He Warnings gave, and yet ſome would not Hear,
He reſts in Peace, the Burthens They muſt Bear,
Pride firſt did move to their *Church* ſettled Form,
Thence *Proud Murpers* firſt began the Storm.

And

And Unsubjected STORY call'd on th' Stage;
 Became the Object of their Church her Rage.
 At length George Whitehead, FOX, His Part did Take,
 for-like ('tis said) for his Successions Sake.
 Till Both became, Chief Objects of Derision,
 The Merit of their Cause, that caus'd Division.
 How so?

At first they Both i'th' Sum did seem to Sound,
 That * Forms impos'd by Man did Christ's Cause Wound.
 But since External Forms by FOX Detracted,
 Are set as Marks to know the Chaff from th' Seed.
 Else why should Whitehead some true Friends Despise,
 That Touching Forms can't See with FOX's Eyes.
 He knows the Reason, and if Truth He'll tell,
 His Practice Rankly of Romes Smoke will Smell:
 Like to His Printed Doctrine, whose † Effect
 Terms such but Fools, that Labour to Detect,
 This Doctrine (wherewith chiefly Rome Deceives)
 We must Believe, e'ne as the Church Believes.
 Alas what sort of Church must that then be?
 Which Whitehead owns, that's like the Romish See
 'Tis not the Little Flock, for this I found,
 When He by Pen Design'd J. S. to Wound,
 That * He to Clemens Word, did so allude,
 As if 't wan't fit t'oppose the Multitude.
 For th' sake of Peace; so Christians Right or Wrong,
 May Bend and Bow to th' Side that seems most Strong,
 Terming Themselves the Church, if this be Right,
 Then Darkness may be Preach't instead of Light.
 But Blest be GOD, Romes Sister hath a Wound,
 And 'tis not Whiteheads Craft can heal it Sound.
 The Church her Practice which He oft Defends,
 'Tis most like Romes so far as Pow'r Attends.
 How so?

Rome seeks her Self, Improving her Devotions,
 The Path-way to Embrace Enslaving Notions.
 Within Her Pale, the Chaffe doth pass for Seed,
 And what's Reveald, must Bend to what's Decreed
 Else Burning faggots must their Portion be,
 That stand for Truth, Opposing Her Decree.
 And tho' Her Sister Truth's Friends don't Devour,
 With Burning faggots, whilst She hath no Pow'r,

* Meaning
 Forms relating
 to Religious
 Worship and
 Discipline, a-
 mongst Pro-
 fessed Mem-
 bers of Christ's
 Church.

† See G. W.
 Apostate in-
 cendiary p. 16.

* His Written
 Epistle I have
 by me ready to
 produce for
 Proof.

Yet (whilst averring, that ~~She~~ Sought not Ours)
~~She~~ Sought ~~Her~~ Self, i'th' *Nature* that *Devours*.
 Elle in Her Name, no *Excommunications*,
 Would tend to Stain True Christians *Reputations*.
 Because an *Union* They have not Contest,
 With *Foams* and *Facts*, that Christian Souls Opprest.
 But Stedfast Stood, i'th' Faith that setteth Free.
 Not *Charm'd* by *Charmers*, Sounding *Mans Decree*.
~~Her~~ *Excommunications* are the *Rod*,
 Of *Combin'd Councils* 'gainst th' *Elect* of *GOD*:
 But that's not all, ~~Her~~ *Preachers* Day by Day,
 Pursu'd *Truths Friends*, like *Forces* for their *Prey*.
 Their *Errand* was like *Sauls*, They oft did Strive,
 To Wound *GOD's Prophets*, and keep *Baal* Alive.

But Blest be *GOD*, *Gogs Army* had no Pow'r,
 The *Body*, *Soul*, or *Spirit* to *Devour*.
 Yet so far forth, as *Tongues* with *Lyes* could Wound,
 The Objects of their *Wrath*, *Lyes* did Abound.
 And being Fill'd with *Pride*, and *Zeal* that's *Blind*,
 Were at a Call to *Act* what was *Design'd*.

Hence *Sixty Six* like *Mercenary Judges*,
 Or rather like *Self seeking Slavish Drudges*,
 By *Satan* Led to *Act* what *One* Prepar'd,
 Past Sentence 'gainst *JOHN STORY* then Unheard,
 And distant Scores of Miles, not call'd t' Appear,
 His *Charges* to *Defend*, *Confess*, or *Hear*.
 This done, *Usurpers* in *Christs Name* on Earth,
 (As if thereon *Christs Reign* by *Monstrous Birth*,
 Must Represented be) striv'd to Maintain
 The *Image*, that with it *Themselves* might *Reign*.

But *Christian Quakers* Discontent did shew,
 Giving their *Image* a most *Deadly Blow*;
 And Searching for its *Root* and their *Foundation*,
 The *Thirteenth Chapter* of *JOHN's* Revelation,
 Declar'd the *Number* of the Beast to Be,
Six Hundred Sixty Six; then *Charity*,
 Numbred the *Judges* to be but the *Tail*,
 Not having Pow'r to *Kill* nor to *Prevail*.

And tho' a **BULL* was Sign'd by th' *Sixty Six*,
 Yet *Whitehead* to 't refus'd His Name to Fix:
 And why? 'twas said that Warn'd ~~He~~ was by *GOD*,
 Not to Sign it, yet since with *Zeal* is *Clod*,

* Viz. a Paper
 Sign'd at *Ellis*
Hook's Chamber the 12. 4.
Mo. 1677. by
Ch. Marshal,
Chr. Taylor, *J.*
Tyloe, *S. Cater*
W. Gosnel Esq.
Woolly and
 Sixty more of
G. F's Par-
 ty.

To Stand by th' *WALL*, the *Judges*, and their *Cause*,
 The *Hypocrites Path-way* unto Applause.
 The Reason of that *Warning* as Express,
 (His Actions Weigh'd) methinks should *Wound His Breast*,
 Unless *He* Scar'd be, what wast? my Hand said *He*,
 Would hurt the *Service of My Ministry*,
 Or Words to that Effect. -----

If *Godliness* with *Whitehead* were but Gain,
 He could not *Thus* a Christian Conscience Stain,
 By Slighting *GOD* and th' end of th' *Ministry*,
 To Stand by *That*, that Stands i'th' *Postacy*.
 Oh! that the Secret *He* would but Reveal,
 And tell the Truth, as well as Truth Conceal.
 No doubt 'twould then appear, not Love to *FOX*,
 Constrain'd to hazzard Splitting on such *Rocks*;

But rather thus, if *FOX's Headship* fail,
 None then that *Headship* on *Him* could Entail.
 Well this I know, that *GOD's* not on *His Side*,
 He Runs with Multitude, *He's Fill'd* with *Pride*,
 His *Strength Abates*, the *Arm of Flesh* doth Fail,
GOD's Army 'gainst the *Saints* shall not Prevail;
 Their *Darts* being Shot but from th' *Infernal Spirit*,
GOD's Indignation Worthily did Merit;
 And when Repuls'd Return'd more Swift and Fierce,
 The *Bowels* of their *Cankering Cause* to Pierce,
 And tho' They *Saint Themselves* yet some Defame,
 Where's no *Hosanna* to some *Earthly Name*.

The *Ashes* of the Dead that in *GOD Dye*,
 Their *Wrath Rakes* in, their *Name* to † *Villifie* :
 A Work Abhorr'd, Espous'd by none, unless
 Such as the *Dens* of *Cruelty* Possess.

Great Threats have been, that *Records* shall Declare
 That *STORY* and his *Friend Apostates* were:
 And yet no Wonder if They should Deny,
 In Truth to tell what's deem'd th' *Apostacy*.
 Why so?

Cavalline Councils when Disclos'd to All,
 And once Believ'd, a Cause may quickly Fall.
 The *Crafty* 't' For that ever Sought a *Prey*,
 May miss thereof by Hunting in the Day.
 They Work i'th' *Dark*, and from the *Truth* they *Swarve*.
 Now as to *Postacy* I thus Observe.

† Not only *J.*
STORY, but
 others many
 Years after
 they were
 Dead.

* Meaning divers Charges drawn up by J. S. and J. W. to shew their dislike of several Orders and Practices under the Notion of Church Government.

'Tis not Declar'd what 'tis; th' * *Church* Her Charge,
Which *Whitehead* (corn'd, as Empty, tho' 'twas Large,
And yet *let Them* (said He unto a Friend)
But go to George and little Condescend,
A Farthing in the Pound will satisfy,
Which seems to shew, the *Church* so loud did Cry,
At FOX's Call, which some Dare not Deny;
But yet They did not Bend, *Hypocrisie*
Could not Oblige them such *Deceit* to Try,
To be declar'd free from th' *Apostacy*.

To Stamp one *Quaker* with a Peerless Shape,
'Midst all the Rest is but to Play the Ape.

Popes have not had a greater *Badge of Pride*,
Then *Loosing* what the *Church* Decreed or Tj'd.
For so the *Church* *Best* *Vassals* at their Call,
And by such Rules *One* may *Unchurch* us All.
The Secret now seems open fac't to be,
Gentilian Lordship Loves a Bended Knee,

'Tis known that some to *George* have Kneel'd on th' Ground,
Like Subjects that from Kings sought Favour Found.
And yet Beholders say, He seem'd too Proud,
To Check that Sin, although it Cry'd Aloud.
And since such as *Idolatry* can Heal,
Can't Conquer *Such* as Conqu'ring Pow'r do Feel:
What's then the Issue? Records must Declare,
That *STORY*, and his *Friend* *Apostates* were.

Had FOX at first thus said, *I do Decree*,
That when *I* Call my Call must answer'd be,
Or else *Apostates* *I* will such Declare,
Gone from Christs Light, and kept in *Sathans* Snare.
Or had *He* said.

Let Set Forms cease, let *Men* abused be,
Yet *I* will Rule with *Forms* that *I* do Decree.
What Christian Soul could have Espous'd such Pride?
That sought the *LORD* as Souls not satisfi'd?
And yet *His* Practice *I* do know Confirms,
What is Imported ith' foregoing Terms.
Else why did *He*, thus Write to *Me*. -----

* The 2^d part of Christian Quaker &c. If They * (JOHN STORY and his Friend) were Right,
And in the Pow'r of GOD, and in the Light
They would have come to *Me*, when that *I* sent
For Them: who is't that can't such Pride Lament,

When ~~He~~ so sent, to the intent, that ~~He~~,
 Might *Judge* what did concern ~~His~~ own Decree.
 For when ~~His~~ *Profelites* their Strength had Bent,
 His *Cannons* to Confirm, *STORY's* Dissent,
 Was then the Theme whereon They did Discant,
 And therefore unto, *FOX* made their Complaint:
 As if that *STORY* from the Truth was gone,
 When in *Christ's* Light He kept unto his Own.
 If *FOX* Destroy not what ~~He~~ first did Build,
 and unto Truth in very deed will Yield,
~~He~~ then must grant that *Christs* Light still will be,
 The surest *Guide* to Men, and then ~~He~~'le See,
 He that his *Captain* and his *Guide* Declines,
 Yielding Obedience to anothers Lines,
Apostatized is: but no such *Rocks*,
 Did *STORY* then split on, no Knee to *FOX*
 Bow'd He, *Christ* was his *Captain* and his *Guide*,
Apostates Flatter'd *G. J.* in His Pride.
STORY could not Dissemble with that Race,
 With *Christ* his *Master* it could have no Place;
 Could He Build on the *Wood*, the *Hey*, the *Stubble*
 Of *Man's* Invention? No, no such *Bubble*,
 Consisted with his Life, no Empty Sound
 Dropt from his Lips, his Doctrine was Profound.
 No need of Instances to prove the same,
 I know not one that therein doth Defame,
 More than by Charming Noise, and Tones to Stop,
 The Words that He was Mov'd, i'th' Life to Drop.
 Thereby to Usher in some Brawling Person,
 Fraighted with Matter void of Sense and Reason
 Which *Birch* brought forth, and stamp't *Blasphemously*,
 I'th' Name of *GOD* and His *Authority*,
 Then *Mourning* would Possess his Melting Heart,
 That Hungry Souls with *Dusts* must thence depart,
 Whilst that the *Word* of *Life* with Him did Rest,
 For th' Sake of *such* whose *Souls* were then Opprest.
 Great Interruptions when the *LORD* did call,
 To Preach his *Word*, He oft did meet withal:
 Which Meriting Displeasure at *GODS* Hand,
 Woe unto them that did his *Gift* Withstand.
 And if a *Famine* of the *Word* be Sent,
 Such then their States may *Wofully* lament.

I'th' mean time let Us Pray unto Our GOD,
That He may Visit with His Scourging Rod,
That so Repentance Such may find on Earth,
That have been joyn'd to some Monstrous Birth :
And in that Nature that is from Below,
Against Meek STORY Bent their Envious Bow.

For tho' his Ashes in a Private Urne
 Secluded be, yet that his *Light* did *Burn,*
 And *Shine* before the Sons of Men is known
 By *Life,* by *Doctrine,* *Crying,* to *your Own.*
 Meaning, *Christ's Light,* and that Immortal Part,
 That Sinners Wounds and Pierceth like a Dart.
 His Faithfulness and Skill i'th' Word of GOD,
 Did oft Refresh his *Friends,* yet was a *Rod,*
 I'th' Hand of His *Great Master* fit to *Scourge,*
 Who e're did *Humane Forms* for SUBSTANCE Urge,

This Doctrine, to *your own, your own, your own,*
 Pathetically exprest seems to throw down,
 All *Buildings* Founded not on *Christ the Light,*
 An Inward *Law* Directing Man Aright.
 For that the Scriptures Vindicate as True,
 Tho' Term'd by Some, a Doctrine that is New.
 It was the *First,* and *Lasting Doctrine* Preach't,
 From *Life* and *Spirit* when the Soul was Reach't,
 And being Receiv'd, Obey'd and Lived in,
 Death then did Pass upon the *Man of Sin,*
 And all his *Fleshy Forms,* and *Sinful Strife,*
 To th' Resurrection of Immortal Life.
 Who there Arrives and Tasteth of that Meat,
 Which Hungry Souls have often Long'd to Eat,
 May with this *Prophet Humane Forms* Compare,
 To *Dross,* to *Dung,* to *Things* that *Viler* are.

Well, He is gone and doth Sepulchred Lye,
 Yet Envy can't expunge His Memory,
 Th' Immortal Part Survives with GOD on High,
 Heaven's its Portion that shall never Dye.
Life, Light, and *Glory, Holy, True, Divine,*
 Eternal Objects, did his Soul Encline,
 To Run that Race wherein each Saint Arrives,
 A Body Glorifi'd that Death Survives.

What ! shall not Days, and Months, and Years Declare,
 That his *Divine* Discourses Joyous were ?

Oh! yes, His aime was, to Seek Us, not Ours,
Dropping His Doctrin, like Distilling Showers.

Let Breathings unto GOD Ascend from All,
That more such Labring Prophets, He may call.
Meek, Humble, Patient, Tender, Gentl:, Kind,
Are *Epethites*, agreeing with His Mind.
His Nature as a Man, who could Despise,
Unless that *Envy* had put out Their Eyes.
His *Life*, His *Doctrin*, and His *Sweet Behaviour*,
Who could Gainsay, that Loved *Christ* Our Saviour:
A Man of Peace, that Lov'd it as His Life,
Tho' *Envy, Wrath, and Pride*, Enforced Strife:
A Man of Mercy, shewing Love to All,
In *ev'ry Form*, that List'ned to GODS Call.
All Sinful Liberty, He did Deny,
Yet *Liberty of Conscience*, was His Cry.

A *Vicious Life*, His Tender Years Abhorr'd;
A *Nat'ral Branch*, the Servant of the LORD.
Since Call'd of GOD, to th' Work of th' Ministry,
Grace hath Abounded, not *Severity*.
His Gentle Exhortations, more did Gain,
Then Condemnations, on whom Sin did Stain.
Lordship, He did Disdain, 'tis no small Sin,
'Midst Those, that Cry'd, *Our Laws from Light within*.
He had no Faith, that 'twould direct one Line,
The Church, by *Outward Rules to Discipline*.
It was the Ministration of *GODS Light*,
That He Dispens'd as *Gospel* in our Sight.

Why then should *Envy*, in *His Ashes Rake*?
Since what *He was*, *He* was for th' *Gospels* Sake.
Not Wounding Such, from whom He did Dissent,
More then by th' Arrows, of Sound Argument:
Knowing that *Conscience* must be first *Perswaded*,
Before *Consent*; else *Christian Rights*, *Invaaded*,
Yet, such was th' *Envy*, of some *quondam Friends*,
Fond, of *New Cannons*, that to *Bondage* Tends.
That cho' He judg'd them not, but left them Free,
Yet His *Dissent*, must *Opposition* be.
Insinuating where a Place was Found,
That 'twas the Man that did the Church first Wound.
And that *He Sow'd*, what unto Discord Tended,
Their Best Proof was, *His Spirit*, them Offended:

But Dar'd not to Impeach His *Doctrine*, why?
 It Broach't no *Schisme*; It Bruis'd *Hippocrisie*.
Christ Was that *Fixed Mark*, whereat It Tended,
 The Spirit's Teaching i'th' Faith, *He* Defended,
His Travel was, that Men might know Its POW'R,
 To be Their *Strength*, in a *Distressed Hour*.
 And that the Least o'th' *Flock*, might know His *Guide*,
 To be *Within* Himself, thus then, that *Pride*,
 That Some at first did *Zealously Decry*,
 Might not have Stain'd the Present *Ministry*,
 Of Such as lately Taught, the Thriving *Sheep*,
You are the Vineyards, that We are to Keep.

Had but a Priest (for taking Tithes Despis'd)
 Compar'd such *Doctrine* (tho' with Sighs Disguis'd)
 With what's *DECREED* Concerning || *TEMPORALLS*;
 And (Soul Concerns Couch't under) *SPIRITUALS*:
 He might thus say, *Your Church Exceeds our Claim*,
At Sheep, and Fleece, and ALL, We ne're did aime:
A Tith of Yours Sufficeth Us, but You;
I'th' Name of Spirit (altho' it be not True)
Have Open'd Door, whereby the Church, Her Sense,
May Bind to such Submission, that from Thence,
Faith must proceed, Your Tithes and All may go,
To whom such Favour, They may Please to Shew.
 The Knowledge of *Such Things*, as these did Wound,
 This late Deceased Prophet; for His Sound,
 With th' Trumpet of the *LORD*, did tend, that We
 Might from all Sin, and Thralldom be set free:
 And that Our Faith in Mortals might not Stand,
 But in Our *Saviour Christ*, at *GOD's* Right Hand.

Let *Gospel Sound*, as 'twas i'th' Antient Days,
 Speak but His Merit, and 'twill Speak his Praise.

Then th' *Gospel* loud did Cry; *Our Law's the Light*,
Liberty of Conscience is Mens Right;
 But when that *FOX*, about *Church Government*,
 More then the *Gospel*, Time and Labour Spent,
 I'th' stead of *Liberty of Conscience*, *He*,
 Said *Liberty of th' Gospel, it must be*.

Why so?

This seems the Street, as the Sequel Shews,
 No Room i'th' First to *Force* with *Church Her Blows*,
 But when *She's Judge*, what's *Gospel Liberty*,
 No Room for *Conscience*, not seeing with *Her Eye*.

|| See the 7th.
 Part of *Chr.*
Quak. pag. 27.
 28. 29.

Oh Mournful Day! when Gospel Liberty,
 Was Preach't t' oppose a Conscientious Cry,
 No need of Quick-sight to Behold Therein,
 An Open Door t' Advance the Man of Sin.
 For Thence, a Proud Usurper may Arise,
 And tell the Flock Darknes hath Clos'd your Eyes,
 And therefore 'tis Your Place to See with Mine,
 On Whom the Gospel Light doth Clearly Shine.
 For tho' the Conscience Light'ned by the Spirit,
 Claims Liberty according to its Merit,
 Yet you be'ng Weak, your Conscience is not fit,
 To Claim the Liberty thereof as yet.
 And then as Proof like * Whiteheads Lines Abhorr'd,
 In His own Praise, may thus tell to the LORD,
 Thou know'st O LORD, that Thou didst me Endue,
 With Faith, and Zeal, and Righteous Judgment too,
 With Understanding and a Christian Spirit,
 In suffering Joy. This Trumpet Shame doth Merit,
 Because His Work wherein His Praise He Sent,
 † Detested Stands, for Lyes, and False Judgment.

Thus Thralldom Enter'd and some Silly Sheep,
 (Discerning not how Crafty some did Creep,
 Within their Fold, to get great Part of th' Fleece)
 Were Lull'd Asleep, when forth They Cry'd, Peace, Peace.

Well may I say, oh Mournful Day! for this
 To Seeing Men, brings neither Joy nor Bliss;
 'Tis as Remote from th' Nature of True Quakers,
 As Popish Persecutions from Saint Peters.
 It was the Sin, that did of Old beset,
 And Spreading of the Gospel Light, did Let;
 When Conscience Tend'red by the Gospel Lines,
 Claim'd Liberty, whereby the Gospel Shines:
 But this seems Worst, in this their Conscience Ends,
 For what They'r Wrong'd, for that They Wrong their Friends.
 How so?

When Persecuted, Satan Them doth Wound;
 But Saint Themselves, when They i'th' same are Found.
 Not having Goals, with such BULLS They Pursue,
 As are no less, than Persecution too.
 For thereby, They Defame Men's Names, and Credit,
 (Tho' next their Lives) and that without Just Merit.
 Without the Clergy's Leave and Approbation,
 A Marriage Mode brings Excommunication.

* See his Appeal to God at the latter end of his Book Stiled Judgment Fixed.

† See my Scourge for G. Whitehead occasioned by his Book stiled Judgment fixed.

Oh!

* See Innocency Vindicated &c. by F. B. pag. 18.

¶ See F. B. De Christiana Libertate pag. 197. 206. 207.

* See the Accuſer ſet forth in the Name of the Second Days meeting pag. 265.

Oh ! Shame on ſuch, as for't the Clergy Blame ;
And yet i'th' Name of *Church*, do Act the **Same*.
So ſuch have done, as *Light* for *Darkneſs* Take,
Who tho' term'd Friends, yet Friends to Truth Forſake,
And (ſlighting Conſcience Pleas) their own Rod Make.

The *Church* of *England* no Church-man Defames,
For Sale of Books, Writ in Diſſenters Names :
Yet *Whitehead's* one with *Church*, ſo Blind of Late,
As that for th' like they || *Excommunicate*.

Tho' 'gainſt Play-Books, Sold for their Brothers Gain,
Their *Excommunications* don't Complain,
They thus for *Perſecution*, ſo Excel,

As few, ſave *Rome*, will yield their Paralell:
To Wound the Juſt, their Preachers Lyes Confirm,
What none Confutes, they *Vocus Vocus* Term.

Their Language * *Vocus Vocus*, in the Name
Of Preachers Weekly met, in *London* came;
Which ſeems to Shew their *Art*, but not the *Credit*,
That *Gospel Preachers*, by the *Gospel* Merit.

Oh *Flock* take heed, that You Your *Vineyards* Keep,
Such *Artiſts* Wound, when They do *Wine*, and *Wax*.

Oh ! Call to mind the *Doctrine*, that at Firſt,
Shew'd where's the *Fountain*, that doth Quench the Thirſt,
Of Thirſting Souls; then to your Own you'll go,
Leaving *Romes* *Siſter*, to Bewail Her *Woe*.
Her want is *Love*, *Chriſt's Spouſe*, how then is *She*,
He's Fill'd with *Love*, and ſo His *Spouſe* muſt be.
Nay not with *Love*, barely unto Her Own,
But unto Ev'ry *Plant*, that's tender Grown,
Let th' Form be what it will, wherein 'tis Seen;
If Seeking *That* which makes the Conſcience Clean.
With this *Chriſt's Church* is One, their Bond is Love,
Chriſt is their *Rock*, their Comforts from Above.

Woe to that *Church*, that's Clothed like a Bride,
Whoſe Hearts are Fill'd with *Babylonish Pride*:
From thence it was, that *STORY* felt Her *Rage*,
Which did, and doth, Her *Downfal* ſtill preſage:
And hath brought forth, moſt Lively Demonſtrations,
That *She's* become, *Deceiver* in the Nations.

By th' Method of Her Conteſts *She* can't Fail,
O're Her Oppoſers ſometimes to Prevail,
For *She's* Accuſer, Witneſs, and Judge, then Cry,
Here are the Trophies, of our Victory.

Lord

LORD Keep us from Unreasonable Men;
 What Truth Destroy'd, let None Build up agen:
 And more, and more, Reveal th' *Apostacy*,
 That's Enter'd *Some*, Term'd in the *Ministry*.

If things in Equal Scales, Perpended be,
 Then half an Eye, i'th' Light, may quickly See,
 Who are *Apostates* from *Christ's Light within*,
 Since *Outward Rules*, instead, are Usher'd in.
 And *Persecution*, hath some *Friends* Attended,
 For not Conforming, tho' they Truth Defended.

Alas! methinks, They sometimes should Consider,
 How quickly Herbs Cut from their Root, do Wither:
 Such is their State, if now it be no Sin,
 To Slight their *Laws*, when neither *Light within*,
 Nor *Holy Scriptures* tell us 'tis the *Path*,
 Wherein Man Walks, that doth Escape *GODS* Wrath.

Oh that the *Eye* that *Darkness* clos'd of Late,
 Were once but Open to Behold their State:
 Who could but Cry, alas! nought can Entomb,
 That which is Born of the Immortal Womb.

Oh! that the *Envy*, which hath *Vailed some*,
 Would but afford to *Charity* a Room;
 Which of *Mock* *STORIES* Enemies dare say,
 That in *GODS* Favour, He past not away?
 Oh! that the Man, who first did move to *Strife*,
 I'th' *Nature*, that's Estranged from *GODS* Life;
 Would unto *GOD*, Confess his Sin, and Cry;
Woe! woe is me! Repentance e're I Dye.

Oh! that the Rude Combined Multitude;
 Did see their *Leaders* Sin, and thus Conclude;
 We were Betray'd, *GODS* Prophets, We did Wound;
 When They to Us, did first th' Alarm Sound.

This Leads me now with Boldness to Avert,
 Some *Leaders*, of the People, caus'd to Err.

Oh! that the *Day* of *Mourning*, all might Reach,
 That e're Profest the *Light* of *Christ* to Preach,
 And in a Sense of *GODS* Great Indignation,
 Might Pray to HIM, that Reconciliation,
 Might yet attend, the now *Divided Flock*,
 Lest Old, as well as Young, Split on the *Rock*.
 And since Divisions, Day by Day, Encrease,
 Proclaim to All 'tis needful it should Cease,

On this Accord, that none for Conquest Strive,
Nor yet Debase, what GOD hath kept Alive;
That in *Christs Church*, no *Monstrous Birth* may Live;
I mean those *Natures*, that for *Lordship* Strive.
Or that shall frame, *External Government*,
And Term it *Christ's*, as if from *Heaven* Sent.

Give *Pride*, the Cause of *Strife*, a Mortal Wound,
Then Peace, and Charity may yet Abound.
Then *Christs Humility*, *Prides* may take
And Brethren Bend, e'ne for their Brothers Sake.
Let *Blind Obedience* (that ne're did Avail
Altho' it may *Hypocritise En'aille*)
Be but Despis'd, as Worthily it ought,
The Illue may be, what in Truth is Sought.
Implicit Faith, to *Humane Rules* Subjection,
Are no True Signs of Man's (in *Christ*) Election
Hence I conclude.

The Law of *Life* Effectually Constrains,
Subjection in *Christs Members*, where *He Reigns*;
Had this in all *Professed Friends* Abounded,
Who could *Meek STORY* and his * *Friend* have Wounded.

*Namely *John Wilkin* His
Fellow Tra-
veller, and
Companion in
the Labour of
the Gospel.

But yet They Wounded were, FOX was their *Foe*,
For which *GOD* grant, *He* may Repentance Know;
How e're 'tis Joy, that *STORY*, in his Day,
When Call'd of *GOD*, did His Voice so Obe'y,
That neither Provocations, Threats, nor Favour,
Did Influence to cease from *Gospel Labour* :
Tho' Weakness (Years) His Body did Attend,
Yet *He* i'th *Gospel Labour'd* to the End :
He dy'd i'th Faith, and was so sweet a Saviour,
As that with *GOD*, *He* Rests in Peace, and Favour.
They are not *Few*, that do Believe the same,
His Dear Companion, *JOHN*, Witness became,
Oh sav'ry *Life*, who can but Sympathise,
With His Companion, when Death Clos'd His Eyes.
Since *He Survives*, *GOD* grant Him Length of Days,
To Live to *GOD*, a Witness to His Praise ;
And that a Double Portion of the Spirit may,
Abound through Him to th' Children of the Day ;
And when that *GOD*, shall Call Him to His Rest,
That *Christ* i'th *Saints*, may Witness that *He's* Blest.

These Following *Verses* Concerning G. FOX, were not Writ by the Author of the Foregoing POEM; but added by another Hand.

400

After so many Strange Mishaps,
In Pursue of J. Story with all thy Traps,
I pity most, thy Last Relaps.
Thy Weakness shews thy Day is done,
The Night o're Spreads thy Setting Sun.

Cabalistic Art, is out of Date,
Thy Mysterious Alligories come to Late,
To say the Truth, it is Thy Fate.
None can avoid, what GOD Decrees;
Thou'rt like a Drone amongst the Bees.

Thy Strength Declines, Thy Power Decay,
And Thou Ly'st Hid, This Trying Day,
To save Thy Self, is no New Way.
Remember now the Time that's Past,
And how Thou'st lost thy Crown at last.

Thou didst Escape thy Enemies Pains,
With States-Mens, Arts, and Preachers Gains,
But Daililabs Wiles, has Craft Thy Brains.
A Female Power Surpris'd Thy Strength,
Thy Honours Laid in the Dust at length.

Such WOMEN as did Associate,
To Help to Govern Thy NEW STATE,
Whose Ambient ACTS Time will Relate:
These Women, They did Claim a Right,
To Wash the Ethiopian White:

To Keep things Sweet and Clean, say They,
But Foul things came so in their Way,
They Workt in Vain, both Night and Day.
Profession Wipes off no such Blots,
The Leopard does not Change his Spots.

To Compass Sea, and Land, Thou went,
To Proselite, Thy Will was Bent.
So Raised Storms of Discontent.
Thus God does Blast, what Man Devise,
To Infatuate the Worldly Wise.

This Stubble Thou hast Built upon,
Is for the Fire; the Time comes on,
To Try the Work, but Thou hast don:
The Secret Hand of Providence,
Protecteth only Innocence.

OH DAY of Tryal! come thou Art,
For to Discover every Heart,
And manifest things as they be,
That all the Innocent may see,
The Man that doth the Life Possess,
From Him that only it Profess;
Yea Thou wilt shew Them who they are,
That Soar'd up above their Speare,
In Words, in Carriage, or in Action,
Which gave the Seed no Satisfaction;
And Such before, that Thou art over,
Their Nakedness Thou wilt Discover;
Whereby Some that Deceiv'd have been,
And caught by Them as in a Gin,
Will be Ashamed, and Sit down,
And wait within to feel their own,

Eternal Gift, to Guide again,
And Life to Breath upon the Slain;
And as these Things, They come to feel,
It will Afresh, Revive Their Zeal,
To stand against every thing,
That would to GOD Dishonour Bring;
And Patiently the Cross to Bear,
Whoever Flee it, They'le not dare,
Because They'le see, it would Offend,
(And bring Them Sorrow in the End;)
The Living GOD, who is so Just,
That all that will HIM Follow, must
Deny Themselves in every thing,
To Follow HIM, Who IS Their KING.

Post-

POST-SCRIPT.

LET GEORGE FOX, and Those that Uphold *Him* Remember, ^{twas} *Jeroboam* that Caused *Israel* to Sin; and as His Name was *Branded* to Posterity, even so shall *Theirs* be, who have Oppressed, Their Innocent Brethren; using all Craft, and Policy, to Stifle Their Consciences, who cannot own Them to be Their Head, and Lawgiver; Therefore, a Day of *Distress, Confusion, and Perplexity*, is Come, and Coming upon them. And those *Evil Reports*, They have Falsly Cast upon Others, will Manifestly Appear, to be True on *Themselves*: Yea, the same Contempt, Ignominy, Shame, and Confusion of Face, which They thought to have Thrown upon Others, is Justly Fall'n upon Their Own Heads; Inasmuch, that Their *Church Government, Orders, Laws, and Cannons Ecclesiastical*, are Become a *Reproach, a Taunt, and a By-word* in the Nation, as a Just Recompence of Their *Pride, Apostacy, and Deep Hypocritise*.

May not They say, as some of Old did, *viz. We are very Guilty Concerning Our Brother; In that We saw the Anguish of His Soul, when He besought Us, and We would not Hear; Therefore is this Distress come upon Us.* Gen. 42. 21.

F. B.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Several Books Wrote by *W. Rr. F. B. T. C.* and Others; are Intended to be Bound up Together: And left to Posterity as a Testimony; against the Erronious Principles, and Antichristian Practices of *G. FOX* and His Party; That Ages to Come, may See upon what *Grounds*: the Differences amongst the People Called *QUAKERS* first Arose, and to this Day are Continued.

*Go you now unto My Place, which was in Shiloh, where
I set My Name at the First, and see what I did to it,
for the Wickedness of My People Israel.* Jer. 7. 12.

Marg. Note, pag. 12. instead of By Read Against J. S. and J. W. for shewing their Dislike, &c.
Also several Stops are Omitted, which may easily be helped in Reading.

THE END.